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THE TIME TO LOVE.

I watched a youth and maiden by the sea;
The white foam dashed upon the rocks in spray,
As sportive as fair children at their play:
It kissed her cheek and brow, from care as free
As birds in summer; sm iling, tenderly,
He took her hand in his in manly way.
The picture lingered with me many a day;
"Youth is the time to love," it said to me.

I watched them later, when the youth had grown
To man's estate, and little ones were led
By gentle hands; her face with gladness shone:
"Ah! manhood is the time to love," I said,
Sweet love! without thee age itself were lone;
Life and eternity by love are wed.

—*Sarah K. Bolton, in N. Y. Independent.*

PRETERNATURALISM.

How to Perform a Few Choice but Simple Tricks.

Henry Hatton, the Magician, Explains the Easy Way in Which Mysterious and Perplexing Manifestations Are Successfully Produced.

Glendower—"I can call spirits from the vasty deep."
Hotspur—"Why, so can I; or so can any man: But will they come, when you do call for them?"
—*Henry IV., Part I., iii., 1.*

Preternaturalism is the word—and a very good one, though it is not in the dictionary—which I have used for many years to describe certain curious effects which never fail to interest my audience, both old and young, and though by no means supernatural, are about as near to it as mortals can approach. Indeed, when I allow my hands to be tied bshind my back so tightly that it seems impossible for me to use them, many persons question whether *I* or some concealed confederate produce the sights and sounds that occur behind the screen where, in lieu of a "cabinet," I am seated. Yet it is trickery, pure and simple. Not so simple as to be seen through, yet so simple that, knowing how, any one may do it.

It is now about thirty years since the Davenport Brothers first introduced the rope-tying trick, and so cleverly did they do it that to this day the secret is known to very few. As they did it, the audience were allowed to do the tying, and the brothers were found as tightly tied after the "manifestations" as before.

I have never met more than two so-called explanations of the trick. In one the performer by means of *slip-knots* ties himself so that he can either free himself or fasten the knots anew at pleasure and in a moment. In the other, the audience do the tying, and the performer merely wriggles himself out of the rope, without any attempt to replace it or the knots. Just how he does this is described in a so-called "Explanation of the Davenport Trick," sold in England some years ago at the modest price of a guinea, a copy of which I have preserved, and reproduce here for the benefit of my readers:

"Place your hands upon your knees and sit upright in the chair, expanding the chest as much as possible. It matters not how tightly you may be bound at any part of the body, or how many knots may be tied around you; the whole secret depends upon the wrists, and the means you adopt to release your hands; for when the hands are released, the rope, being in one length, may be shaken from you without a single knot being untied.

"In order to release the hands, place them upon the knees with the fists clinched, using great muscular effort, which will expand the veins, and prove a resisting power to the rope when it is fastened round the wrists. Take no notice of any knot that may be tied until the operator comes to the wrists, then use as great a resisting power as you can, without being observed, against the side on which the rope is fastened, and the trick is accomplished. As soon as you are alone (in a room or cabinet), place your thumb and little finger under the palm of the hand, and you will find no difficulty whatever in drawing the hand through the rope, which being accomplished, the other hand is readily released, and you are at liberty to make any manifestations with musical instruments, etc."

It will be seen that these methods are entirely different from the Davenports'. Indeed, their trick is little known even among professional conjurers, but as these gentlemen found it necessary, for the sake of their reputations, to exhibit something akin to it, they invented and substituted similar effects quite clever in their way. These too have been so carefully guarded that, so for as I am aware, the secret has never been laid bare.

In this paper I propose to explain how some of these are done, selecting those produced without the aid of mechanical contrivances as not only the most ingenious, but decidedly the best. I shall begin with that known as "The Sentry-Box," a favorite trick of Robert Heller, and still used by Maskelyne and Cooke, the London conjurers.

The main piece of apparatus consists of an oblong box, about four feet nine inches long, eighteen inches wide, and twenty inches deep. Having made or procured such a box, stand it upright, and about eighteen inches from the ground end fasten a partition board to serve as a seat for the performer. It should be nailed firmly to the sides and back (bottom) of the box, and be supported by cleats. About four or five inches above this seat two gimlet-holes must be bored about an inch apart, so that they will be on a line with the performer's hands if held behind his back while seated. The box finished, the young magician, whom I will suppose to be you, my reader, can begin the entertainment.

Come forward, holding in your hand about a yard of strong twine, and introduce yourself and your trick with some such remarks as: "Many performers use a *rope* for this trick, but that is not in my *line*. I think a piece of *twine* more in accord with the proprieties of a drawing-room."

If your audience survive this and spare your life, ask one of them to act as a committee. First call his attention to the box, and beg him to examine it and see that it is what it appears to be. Then place your hands behind your back, and request that he will tie your wrists together in any way he sees fit, and then seal the knots with wax, leaving the ends of the cords dangling. This done, seat yourself in the box and ask the committee-man to reach one hand around you, first on one side, then on the other, and pass the ends of the cords through the gimlet holes to the outside of the box, where they are to be tied tightly, and again sealed. A hand-bell, tambourine and tin-horn are laid on the floor, and a screen placed between you and the audience, and at a distance of two or three feet from the front of the box.

Almost immediately the bell is rung, the tambourine rattled, and the horn blown, and yet the next moment, when you call "Light," and the screen is removed, you are found calmly seated in the box with the cords still sealed on the outside. The "manifestations" can be repeated over and over with such variations as your fancy may suggest, and finally the cords are cut on the outside, and you step out of the box. Your wrists are still tied, and the seal on the knots is unbroken. All this seems very mysterious to the uninitiated. Yet how simple it all is.

The tying is all real, and the knots are never tampered with. But when the committeeman reaches behind your back to get hold of the ends of the twine, you put into his hand *the ends of a second cord*, which you take from a back pocket or from under the back of your vest, and these are the ends that are put through the gimlet holes and sealed outside. Of course this leaves you free to go in and out of the box, and pick up the bell and other musical (?) instruments. Finally, when the outer cord is cut, you gather it in and pocket it, having in the mean while cut off the ends of the twine with which you are bound, otherwise some sharp-eyed spectator might notice that they are as long as at the beginning of the trick.

In what is known as "The Hold-Fast," a most ingenious device, neither ropes nor cords are used, but one of the company, whom, for the sake of clearness and brevity, I shall designate as the *investigator*, actually holds the performer during the entire performance.

This investigator, who is carefully blindfolded, sits with his right side to the audience and facing the performer, whose knees tightly clasp on either side those of the other. To the right of the performer is a table holding a bell, tambourine and guitar.

Before going further, let me say a word about blindfolding. Much as I dislike to disturb the confidence which is one of the charms of youth, I must warn you, my reader, against trusting any one. There is only one way to do the blindfolding so that there can be no "peeking," and that is with two handkerchiefs. The first should be folded shawl fashion; that is, in triangular shape, and fastened round the investigator's head in such a way that one point falls down over his nose. The second handkerchief is folded in band form, and placed outside the first one over the eyes. Blindfolded in this way, there is little danger of the investigator seeing, and that is what we want. It may not be pleasant to have one's head bound up as I have described, and the investigator will always promise to "keep his eyes shut, and not look," but don't believe him. He is sure to look if he can; he can't help it, for he will be surprised, often startled, and then naturally will open his eyes.

Being seated as described, the investigator is requested to place his hands on the performer's head, the left hand overlapping and resting on the right. Then the performer passes his left arm around the other's arms so as to encircle them, and rests his two hands on the investigator's left arm, thus completing the circle.

In this position it is evident that the performer can not remove his hands without the other knowing it immediately. A slate and pencil are now placed on the investigator's knees, and a screen is placed around the two to shield them from the sight of the audience, and no sooner is it in position than "the trouble begins." The slate is written on, the bell rung, and the table upset, but on removing the screen the two behind it are found in the same position as when last seen. Not only this, but the investigator, if honest, will declare that the performer did not remove his hands or change his position for an instant. Under these conditions the "manifestations" will seem more unaccountable to most people than those that take place when the performer is tied up.

"And yet, as a mathematical friend of mine would say, "It's just as easy as rolling off a logarithm." When the performer with his left hand grasps the investigator's left arm, he opens his finger so that the thumb and forefinger are together, and the second, third, and little finger. The latter press but lightly on the arm, while the former two grip it lightly. When his right hand is brought up to complete the circle, it is brought down with a thump on the three connected fingers, which extend further up the investigator's arm, and are at that moment pressed into it, while the right hand itself rests so lightly that it can be scarcely felt.

In this position the performer can remove his right hand at pleasure without the investigator discovering it, and is thus enabled to write, ring-bells, and "go through the motions" as required. The "manifestations" over, the hand is replaced, and the pressure of the left fingers gradually lightened.—*Harper's Young People.*

AN IMMENSE LYNX.

How the Largest Bob-Cat Ever Killed in the County Was Laid Low.

'Twas a warm morning in September when I shouldered my rifle and started with my dog for the "Giant's Basin," hoping to bring home a fine buck, for the venison was running low at the camp, and in this region winter sets in early, and when first here, stays. The basin was a favorite "lick" for deer, and this fall had been a plentiful one for them. The road led through sunny Keene valley, where it turned up to the mountain and led for the rest of the way along the sides of different ledges, sometimes high in the air, and again along the dry ledge of a mountain stream. At last the basin was reached, and after waiting an hour or more my patience was rewarded by obtaining a fat young buck, which I quartered and hung on a tree, to await the arrival of a party of trappers who were going to join me at the basin on the following morning.

Before preparing for the night I took it into my head to have a partridge for supper, and started out accordingly.

Luck seemed against me, and I was about to turn back for the basin, when, to my dismay, I had not the least idea which way to turn, and it had grown very dark, the wind had come up, and every appearance of a cold night pervaded the air. While pondering what to do, the wind brought to my ears a cry or moan so faint as to be hardly heard above the whispering balsams, but all doubt was removed by a second cry much nearer and more distinct than the first. I now realized what the cry meant, and I knew that the smell of fresh vension had attracted the nose of one of the ugliest animals of the forest, the Canadian lynx, or bob-cat. Before I could make ready for an attack or find a place of shelter, the boughs ahead of me parted, and with a yell the lynx, for such it proved to be, sprang straight for my shoulders, and would have struck me full in the chest had I not retained presence of mind to drop on one knee and thus receive the whole weight of the animal on my heels. We both turned, but the cat was just a little bit quicker, and, catching my arm in his open jaw, rolled me over on my back, and at the same time settled his jaws well into my hunting jacket. With the arm that was free I struggled desperately to reach my hunting knife, that I might the sooner end the struggle, which was beginning to severely tell on my strength. At last my arm was free from his jaws; he had dropped it to use his teeth to better effect on my throat, and had nearly accomplished this when from under the bushes I saw a black, shaggy mass fly through the air and fasten itself on the back of the cat, who rolled over and prepared for another struggle, which I ended by plunging my knife to his heart, and thus saving my dog—for it was my watchful friend—from a struggle that must inevitably end in a victory for the bob-cat. I slept that night with a lynx for a pillow and a dog for a foot-board, and was awakened next morning by trappers who had come in search of me, not finding me at the basin. By the aid of poles we carried the cat home, and when measured it was found to reach twelve feet, tip to tip, being the largest specimen of the kind ever killed in the country.—*Boston Traveller.*

A Maiden's Rank Cruelty.

"Aw, Chappie, glad to see you, you know; deuced glad."

"How ah you, Clawence."

"What's the mattah? You seem downcast."

"Yaas; you see I called on a young lady lawst evening, and I don't think I made a favorwable impwession."

"What was the twouble?"

"We were talking about excursions, and she asked me if I had been in the water any last summer. I replied that I had, and then she wanted to know whether I had evah been in any accidents."

"Of course you told her about that episode near Long Island?"

"Ya-as, and what do you think she said?"

"Don't know, I'm sure."

"She simply remarked: 'What splendid life-boats your shoes must have made."—*Merchant Traveler.*

Youthful Depravity.

"You don't look strong enough for the work, my son," said the merchant. "Running an elevator in my store is a hard job and the pay is small."

"Yes, sir," said the youthful applicant, "I can do it. I'm little, but I'm strong. I'm your 'oister."

And the strong man turned and wept.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—What are our young men coming to?—Coming to see our girls, of course!—*Siftings.*

MASTERY OVER FEAR.

The Power of Mind Over Matter in Moments of Danger.

It would be interesting to know how many courageous people are really apprehensive and cowardly at heart. Many a recklessly brave soldier has confessed that he went to battle quaking with a fear perhaps as overwhelming as that which prompted the deserter to flight. The great difference between them was that of moral fiber. The one was of stuff stern enough to ensure his fidelity; the other was craven, body and soul.

Mere hardihood of feeling is simply an affair of the nerves. A person may be endowed with it, or he may not, and consequently his only responsibility lies in nobility of action. A lady who had preserved an absolute calmness of demeanor during a night of great danger at sea, was afterwards complimented on her courage.

"Did I really behave well?" she asked, in some surprise.

"Like a heroine. When those hysterical women screamed you didn't open your lips, and you only moved to make them more comfortable."

"I am glad," she replied, with a sigh of relief. "I was so beside myself with fear that you wouldn't surprise me if you said I screamed, too. I actually looked in the glass the first thing next morning, to see if my hair had turned white."

"But how did you manage to conceal your fear?"

"Oh, I kept saying to myself: 'Remember, you are not to make a fuss.' I set my mind on that."

"What sort of a man makes the bravest soldier?" asked some one of an old officer who had often been tried by danger and was never found wanting.

"Well," he responded, after some thought, "I should say it is the man who keeps the steadiest grip on himself."

Very few people, indeed, have a sufficiently high estimate of the power of mind over matter, in moments of danger. A young woman—one of the modern young women who do not hesitate to express an opinion—does not think that boys are, by nature, more courageous than girls. For she says:

"It is a recognized tradition that men are to be brave, and so, when they are afraid, they say nothing about it. Woman may scream without forfeiting her good name; therefore she allows herself that privilege."

This young philosopher's logic may be defective, but it points to the very evident fact that, while any one may be conscious of fear, it is only the coward who allows it to obtain the mastery of his actions.—*Youth's Companion.*

TYPOGRAPHICAL BULLS.

Queer Mistakes for Which We Bless Compositors and Proof-Readers.

A New England paper told about "a drove of hogs floating down the Connecticut river," instead of "a drive of logs."

An editor discussed the political situation in a comprehensive editorial and headed it, "Let us Explore." He neglected to read the proof and it appeared under the caption, "Let us Explode."

In a lecture at Boston Rev. Joseph Cook asked his audience—"Was St. Paul a Dupe? In the report of the lecture Mr. Cook was made to propound the startling conundrum—"Was St. Paul a Dude?"

An Indiana paper found it necessary to publish the following correction: "For 'burglar meeting' in the heading of the article in our last issue relating to the proceedings of the Town Council, read 'regular meeting.'"

It was a Boston newspaper which made its dramatic critic say: "The toast for Irving, like the toast for olives, must be cut elevated." What the critic wrote was: "The taste for Irving, like the taste for olives, must be cultivated."

Not long ago a telegraph operator found the words *crates fratres* in a special dispatch about the "praying brothers." It is not definitely known whether the telegraphist or the compositor attempted to translate the words, but it is certain they appeared in a paper as "Oh, rats, father."

A recent society novel depicted a pretty two-headed boy playing on the "green," secure from hunters of curiosities and agents of traveling museums. The boy was not such a natural phenomenon as he seemed, however, for a simple transposition of two letters had changed him from a "tow-headed" youngster into one with duplicate heads.—*Printers' Circular.*

A Thibetan Match-Lock Rifle.

A curious Thibetan musket or match-lock has found its way from Sikkim, where it was picked up after a battle, to Calcutta. It is described in the Indian papers as of primitive design, although comparatively new. It is a smooth-bore muzzle-loader, mounted on a long, narrow stock. The barrel is fitted with a double-pronged rest, the points of which are sharply shod, so that the rest itself may either be placed firmly in the ground or used, if necessary, as a bayonet. The contrivance is ingenious, and, and the weapon is not altogether to be despised. Attached to it is a belt, on which are strung six hollow wooden plugs for powder charges and a small horn for priming powder. The workmanship of the whole is very rough, and there is scarcely any attempt at ornamentation.—*N. Y. Post.*

PITH AND POINT.

—When a man has no design but to speak plain truth, he isn't apt to be talkative.

—"All things are for the best," and that is probably the reason why the really hard-up man never gets any thing.

—There is no greater mistake than that made by the man who is selfishly seeking any kind of happiness at the expense of others.

—There is no calling that is not made better by brains. No matter what a man's work is, he is a better man for having a thorough mind-drilling.—*Beecher.*

—A man of strong character always makes enemies, but because a man has many enemies you can not be quite sure that he is a man of strong character.

—There are lots of people who mix their religion with business, but forget to stir it up well. As a result, the business invariably rises to the top.—*Methodist Advance.*

—It is impossible to make people understand their ignorance; for it required knowledge to perceive it, and, therefore, he that can perceive it hath it.—*Taylor.*

—The most trivial circumstances are able to put an end to our gratifications; they are like beds of roses, where if is very unlikely all the leaves should be smooth, and even one that is doubled suffices to make us uncomfortable.

—The assumption of virtue is common to mankind, but none assume it so loudly as those who have the least right to it. By such people any shortcoming on the part of others is made a subject of complaint.—*Quiver.*

—There are two ways (says Franklin) of being happy—we may either diminish our wants or augment our means. Either will do—the result is the same; and it is for each man to decide for himself, and do that which happens to be the easier.

—In truth, it is often more praiseworthy in us to praise another worthily than it would be for us to have done the very thing which is deserving of praise in that other. To praise worthily is one of the best ways of being praiseworthy.—*S. S. Times.*

—To dread no eye, and to suspect no tongue, is the greatest prerogative of innocence, an exemption granted only to invariable virtue. But guilt has always its horrors and solicitudes; and, to make it yet more shameful and detestable, it is doomed often to stand in awe of those to whom nothing could give influence or weight, but their power of betraying.—*Dr. S. Johnson.*

—A painter can not finish his picture if he stands close to the canvas. He walks back, stands off, and thus sees the whole at once. Many a man whose affairs were in a snarl has gone to sea, and in a few weeks has seen the whole tangle, and in a few more has seen how to get the tangle out. If he had stayed he would have died in his net. Stand back from your picture.—*Dr. Deems.*

BLOWING OUT GAS.

Not Such an Easy Thing for a Green Countryman to Do.

"Did you ever see a man blow out gas?" asked one Clark-street business man of another. "You can't do it, either," he added after a short pause.

The friend was not so sure about that, so the twain experimented upon a flame of gas in the office of the first speaker until both were weary. Their efforts were ineffectual.

"Every few days we hear that some jury has returned a verdict that this man or that woman blew out the gas, jumped into bed and was found dead, suffocated, you know. There's that case yesterday; the same story went out about him."

"But he was asphyxiated by gas," said the friend.

"To be sure; but he did not blow it out, simply and purely because he couldn't. I've been on three coroner's juries in my life where the subject came to his death by gas poisoning. In every case I found that the man turned off the gas and accidentally turned it on again. Usually the jet is above one's head. He intends to turn it short off and does so, but in releasing his hold upon the key his fingers unconsciously give it a turn to one side. I've been accustomed to the use of gas all my life, but one night I did precisely the same thing. The chandelier was so high above my head that I had to tiptoe to reach the key, which my fourth finger knocked nearly half-way round after my thumb and fore finger had shut out the light. Fortunately, I was not downright sleepy, and I smelled the escaping gas."

"Why are not accidents of this kind more frequent, then?"

"That is due largely to the fact that one is not likely to turn the key back except where it is very loose. One that turns hard would not be very likely to move for the light tap given it by the fourth and little fingers. And then many people have the transoms and windows open, while others discover their blunder, as I did, before falling asleep."

"Couldn't very well find it out afterward," said the friend, with an attempt at a smile.

"Scarcely. In any event, I will not believe that any man who has sense enough to travel is such a fool as not to know that gas must be turned off. But if he did not know this he couldn't blow it out if he had the lungs of Goliah of Gath."—*Chicago Herald.*

FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

DOING WELL.

"Oh, dear, dear me!" mourned Emma,
"Our teacher gave away
The loveliest pearl-handled knife
In writing-class to-day,
And who do you think got it?
'That little Lulu Wing!
"The scholar who had written best
Not 'xpecting any thing.'
And just to think," sighed Emma,
"It might have been my own,
I could have written as well as she
If I had only known!"

Alas! my little Emma!
Are you so worldly-wise,
You think there is no use in work
Except it win a prize?
That nothing is worth doing well
If nothing it will earn?
Indeed, your lesson of to-day
Was good for you to learn.
Never again refuse the toil
That true reward will bring,
'Tis doing well and always well,
"Not 'xpecting any thing."

—*Youth's Companion.*

LITTLE PAUL.

He Gets Tired Doing "Nuffin"—How He Disposed of Seven "Hanners."

Our little Paul's grandma was very sick; though she rested quietly in the big front chamber up-stairs, the house was full of bustling and walking on tip-toe. Mary was busy getting dinner. Mamma was watching grandma while the nurse slept. It was dull for Paul, as he could not play horse or slide down the bannisters, for mamma had warned him not to make a noise. All the neighbors' bo s and girls had gone to school; Paul was not quite old enough to go. He sometimes cried over this sad fact, but only when he thought no one could see him. He would go out to the barn and stand before the big red horse; while one eye was filled by his fist, he would look tearfully from the other and say: "I fink it's too bad I can't go to school, don't you, Fanny? If I ain't big as Tommy Jones and don't wear pants yet, I'se going to next winter, and I can drive you and he can't." And this morning he was much lonelier than usual. Mamma heard a queer choking little noise. She went to the door. Paul was curled up on the stairway, with his head hidden in the folds of his kilt skirts.

"Oh! mamma," he murmured, "I'm orful tired of doing nuffin."

"Poor child! That is hard work. And what does my little man want to do?" Mamma sat down on the stairs and took Paul on her lap.

"I don't know perzactly, but I fink I would like to squeal and make a big noise like Fourth of July."

"But grandma—," suggested mamma.

"Yes, I know. Then you might let me go and help papa keep store awhile."

This was a treat not often allowed, for the store was some way from the house and papa said he was a nuisance if people came to trade. Paul thought he could take care of himself if papa would put him in the candy-case. Mamma put a clean collar, with a bright blue sailor tie, around his chubby neck, kissed him, and off he started, on what my slangy nephew calls a dog-trot. Papa was busy writing as Paul came into the store, but he did not look up though he had watched his little boy coming down the road. So Paul, thinking he had not been seen, ran and climbed on the back rounds of papa's chair. Clasping his fat hands over papa's eyes, he demanded in shrill tones:

"I say, old fellow, you don't know who I is, I'll bet a cent. Say, do you, now?"

"Papa drew a long breath.

"It isn't Deacon Low, is it?"

"No, siree. Guess again, papa?" shrieked Paul, in high delight.

"I guess it's Dr. Lane, then."

"Why, papa," said Paul, plaintively, "I should fink you'd know better'n that."

"So should I," answered papa, laughingly, and putting out his arms he lifted Paul around into his lap.

"I fink," said Paul, after he had been kissed, "that you ought to give me sumfin' for fooling you so awfully, papa." Papa doubted the fooling, but signified his willingness to give. "I like hanners," Paul said, gravely. At this broad hint papa got him a big yellow one. In less than five minutes this was devoured. Yes, that is the right word—devoured. Then he sighed: "I'm orful fond of hannars." Papa took the hint again, this time giving him a plump red banana. Then Paul went and played in the back store among the fleeces of wool, the barrels of flour and the codfish. After an hour papa missed him, and where do you think he was? In the bin where the coarse rock salt was kept Paul was fast asleep as if it had been the downiest feather-bed. His yellow curls on the white salt made a sweet picture. Papa woke him. "So, my fine young man, you took a ride into No Man's Land?" "Yes, the old sand man comed along. I don't fink he's a very perlite old man when a feller wants to play. Can't you give me another hanner, papa?" An' I like yaller ones bester than reds." Papa got him another, saying: "Don't you think you had better run home, now, little boy, or mamma will be worried."

"Yes, an' give me a hanner for her. She'd be so s'prised!" Papa got one. "Do it up, or I might lose it." Papa did it up.

"Nurse likes hanners." Papa put one in for her.

"An' poor Mary, she's makin' pies for dinner." In went one for Mary.

"Don't forget gamma, papa."

"But grandma is sick, and the doctor wouldn't let her eat one."

"Sure 'nuff," said Paul, and his little face clouded over, then brightened.

"I've thought of a way; if gamma really can't eat hers, I might eat it for her."

"You rascal," laughed papa; but he put in a banana for her. When Paul got home he went and sat down on the front door step, to rest awhile in the shade before distributing the bananas. After awhile he peeped into the bag. "Poor gamma's so sick, I don't believe she'll want hers." So he ate it. "What's one hanner," he said aloud, looking into the bag again. "One hanner ain't nuffin'." he answered himself, so he ate mamma's. "What's two hanners? Two hanners ain't nuffin'." Then he ate the one intended for nurse. "What's three hanners? Three hanners ain't nuffin'," and so he ate Mary's. "What's four hanners?" he began, but, peeping into the bag and seeing that there were no more, he did not finish. But Mary, who had been watching him from behind the screen door, now pounced upon him wrathfully: "Indade, an' I guess ye'll find what four bananas ez by the toime ye git the colree so ye caint see for a week. Come yere, we'll see what yer ma sez to four bananas. If I'm not mistaken, she'll say a lickin'," and Mary took him in her strong arms and carried him up-stairs, kicking and screaming. Mamma did not say a "lickin'," but she talked to him gravely about being greedy. "Don't be so again, she said; "perhaps four bananas won't hurt you for once." "Oh, ho," he answered, "four hanners ain't nuffin'. I ate free down to the store."

"Oh! Paul." That was all she said, but it made him hide his face in a shame-faced manner. And he never ate seven bananas again. And I must tell you they didn't make him sick. Perhaps they agreed with him. At any rate, he is now a fine big boy, and really helps papa in the store.—*Caroline E. Thompson, in N. Y. Tribune.*

"PLEASE."

A Word That Stayed in Kitty's Throat So Long That It Almost Choked Her.

Kitty had of late got a bad tone to her voice. It was a tone of command, very unbecoming a little girl. Instead of saying: "Will you be kind enough to do this or that?" or: "Please do this?" or: "Will you?" in a gentle tone, she said: "Do this," or: "Do that," like a little tyrant. Her mother, as you may well think, was very sorry, and talked with her little girl about this new fault.

One day her shoe came off while she was playing. When it was near dinner-time she called Bridget to put it on.

"Bridget," she said, "I want my shoe on. Put it on quick, for my pa will come soon."

Bridget was doing something else in the closet, and did not immediately come out.

"Bridget," she called again, "don't you hear me? Come and put my shoe on."

Her mother was in the next room, and overhearing her little daughter, said:

"Say 'please,' Kitty, and Bridget shall put your shoe on."

Kitty pouted, but did not speak. She took her shoe, sat down on the floor and tried to put it on herself, which was all very well had she not done it angrily, for children ought always to help themselves. Kitty tugged and tugged at her shoe, but her little fat foot, having grown fatter since the shoe was bought, it fitted very tight; in fact, Kitty could not get the shoe on.

Soon she heard her papa's step in the entry, and began to cry.

"Bridget, will help you, Kitty," said her mother, looking into her chamber, "ask her, my child."

But Kitty looked "No, I shan't," though she did not say so in so many words. The dinner bell rang.

"You stay here, Kitty, until you can ask Bridget properly to put on your shoe," and her mother went down stairs."

Kitty turned very red and burst out into a hard, angry fit of crying. Then she got up, ran into a little dressing-room and shut the door. Oh, naughty, foolish Kitty! How much trouble she was making herself! and how grieved her parents were to see no dear little Kitty in her own high chair at the table! and for such a reason, too; that was the worst of it.

By and by her papa came up-stairs, and not finding her in her mother's room, went to the little room.

"Where is my Kitty?" he asked, in a sad, sorry tone.

The little girl jumped up from the corner, and going toward him, said:

"Oh, papa, 'please' would not come out of my throat; it stayed there; it almost choked me; but it will now."

She took her father's hand, and, taking up the shoe, went to find Bridget, and when she found Bridget, she said:

"Please Bridget, put my shoe on a naughty little girl's foot."

Bridget did it very willingly. Then she ran down-stairs, and throwing her arms around her mother's neck, said, with a tear in her eye:

"Mamma, 'please' did stay in my throat so long that it felt big and almost choked me; but, mamma, it's out and I think it will come quick next time. Please kiss me mamma. I'm very sorry."

Kitty did not get choked so again. She found it easy to say "please" afterwards; and "please" made the little girl a great many friends.—*S. S. Visitor.*

—Pretended German Count won love of farmer's daughter. Lived with old man six months. Got six suits of clothes, borrowed money and stole horse. Old man wouldn't board German Emperor now.—*Toledo Bee.*